

## Escape Club

### "Up North Trip"

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Verse One: Prodigy

It all began on the street, to the back of a blue police  
vehicle  
Next come the bookends, the way things is looking  
It's Friday, you in for a long stay, gettin shackled on the  
bus  
First thing come Monday, hoping in your mind you'll be  
released one day  
But knowing, home is a place you're not going for a  
long while  
Now you're up on the isle, in a position that you ain't  
got to, refusing  
to smile  
But keep in mind there's a brighter day, after your time  
spent  
Used to be wild, but locked up, you can't get bent  
Thought you could hack it, now you're requesting Pee,  
see you fragile  
It ain't hard to see, niggas like that don't associate with  
me  
I'd rather, get busy to the third degree  
cause the war populations are  
If this was the street, my razor would be a mack demon  
Hit you up, leave your whole face screaming, what you  
in for kid  
Busting nuts, taps heard of million street stories  
caught inside this trap  
Who are you to look at me with your eyes like that  
Wising up young blood, before you make things  
escalate, and I would hate  
To set your crooked ass straight

Chorus

Make your moves at night, pack your heat in this  
warzone, niggas is trife  
Runnin from one time, ain't no time to slip, make one  
false move  
And it's a up north trip  
Livin the high life, make your moves at night, pack your

heat in this warzone  
Niggas is trife, runnin from one time, ain't no time to  
slip, make one  
false move And it's a up north trip

#### Verse Two: Havoc

You tried to dip, duck, but still got bucked, you talk too  
much shit  
You should have kept your mouth shut, all that gossip  
Motherfucker don't you know my glock kicks, hollow  
tips  
To your body, mad toxic, I fade you, blow you with a  
rusty-ass razor  
Did you a favor, tried to wet you but i grazed you  
Pop goes the glock when there's beef on the block, chill  
for a while  
Make them think the beef stop, then I creep like a thief  
in the night  
It's only right, ain't no turnin back, it's on tonight, and if  
I get caught  
Then my ass is up north, straight on the course for  
upstate New York  
Stress, smokin back to back cigaretttes, it popped off,  
gon' point in  
the mess hall  
But to avoid that, from head to toe, dipped in all black,  
hit them niggas  
Where they pump they cracks at, Havoc, with the  
murder masterplan  
Keep my nine up to par, so my shit won't jam, God  
forbid if my shit do  
Run behind a tree, fix my shit then hit you, slugs in your  
body  
Mainly in your brain tissue, witness from the scene, get  
ghost, stash  
the pistol  
So simple then, watch my back, lay up and relax, roll a  
sack, ?K-A black?  
Find a shorty intact

#### Chorus

#### Verse Three: Prodigy

I got the powder, combine wit the powder, and water, it  
oughtta  
Drop in a half and hour, in the, form of oil, watch the  
cocaine boil  
Keep my eye on it so the shit won't spoil, then I pause  
And ask God why, did he put me on the serve, just so I

could die  
I sit back and build on, all the things I did wrong, why  
I'm still breathing  
And all my friends gone, I try not to dwell on the  
subject for a while  
Cause I might get stuck in this corrupt lifestyle, but my  
Heart pumps foul blood through my arteries, and I  
can't turn it back  
It's a part of me, too late for cryin, I'm a grown man  
struggling  
To reach the next level of life, without fumbling, down  
to folding  
I got no shoulder to lean on but my own, all alone in this  
danger zone  
Time waits for no man, the streets grow worse, fuck the  
whole world kid  
My money comes first, cause I'm out for the gusto, and  
trust nobody  
If you're not family, then you die by me, cause niggas  
will have you  
locked up  
The snitch, be a man, givin police the run down on your  
plans  
We're never goin down like that, so I, shut my mouth  
and hold my words back  
The legal business, forever mine, fuck payin taxes, the  
last kid that shitted

And gave police access, to my blueprints, used names  
as evidence  
Skipped town and I haven't seen the snitch nigga ever  
since  
The moral of the story is easy to figure out, a lesson  
that you can't  
live without

Repeat Chorus once  
\*Livin the high life

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